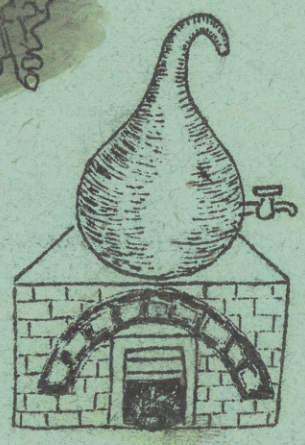
3-1960

TOWER

MARCH

1960



"A TIME HONOURED WHISKEY PRODUCED UNDER THE SAME CHERISHED FORMULA FOR OVER 150 YEARS, TASTEFULLY MELLOW TO GLADDEN THE HEART OF MAN."

THOSE WHO ARE INTERESTED IN STUDENT ACTIVITIES AND GOVERNMENT ARE IN-VITED TO THE STUDENT COUNCIL MEETING TO-DAY AT 4:30 SOCIAL HALL

NEWS NOTES

Richard Diebenkorn and Nathan Oliveira are in an illustrated art book called "New Images of Man" by Peter Selz. The book is printed about the Museum of Modern Art's recent fall exhibition of American and European artists.

A drawing ny Evelyn Kane is on exhibit in the annual-juried drawing show at Long Beach State College.

Syd Fossum is exhibiting serigraphs through March 30 at the gallery of the Artists Guild of America in Carmel.

A one-man show by Hilda Levy is at the Pasadena Museum through April 20. Hilda Levy has three works in the California Invitational Exhibition "Women in Art" at the Downey Museum.

Felicia Kaner is exhibiting drawings at the Los Angeles Municipal Gallery. She also has an entry in the 1960 California Painters Exhibition in the Oakland Art Museum.

An exhibit of new paintings by Margaret d'Hamer and sculpture by Robert Dhaemers will be shown at the College of Marin in Kentfield during the month of March.

Ernie Kim recently juried the 9th Annual Designer Craftsman exhibition at the Richmond Art Center. Harold Myers was awarded a ceramics prize for his work. Frank Hamilton, Ray Mackin, Calvin Grung, and Pat Scarlett will have their works exhibited. The exhibition will run from April 1 to May 1.

The Pasadena Art Museum is exhibiting works by Ward Lockwood.

Eric Oback is exhibiting at the Crocker Art Gallery in Sacramento.

Jerrold Ballaine, Tio Giumbruni, Elwood Graham, James Lee Hansen, Robert McChesneym Richard O'Hanlon, Arthur Okamura, Peter Shoemaker, Walter Snelgrove, James Strombotne, George Tsutakawa and Noriko Yamamoto were awarded prizes in the SFAA Painting and Sculpture Annual. The exhibit will be on view at the San Francisco Museum starting March 24.

LOU SCHULTZ

THURS-DAY NOON HOURS:

MARCH 17
ART SCIENCE AND THE FALLACY OF OBJEC-TIVIY
A LECTURE BY DR. MURIEL LORAN, PH.D., POET & SCIENTIST

MARCH 24
HOUSER READS POETRY

MARCH 31
SONGS & DANCES

ALL IN THE SOCIAL HALL

When I was a very young man,
I stood high and alone
on a trembling hill,
Where the dark wind ripped savagely
and the cold night air chilled my
rushing eager heart.

In a mysterious cave by the sea
I found the cool freshness
and whispered with the whispering waters
and buried the treasure of my soul
in the dank sand
where it lay bleeding, pulsing.

I walked the sea-damp beach,
felt the loneness of the barren dunes,
cried the cry of the hungry gull
and kissed in sorrow each empty
golden shell strewn out along the sand
by the inhospitable sea.

The pebbles I gathered there
lay wet and heavy upon my hand.

I was not quite so very young
when I passed again
by the dark, friendless shore.
The cold night wind had stilled
but the empty broken shells were there
and the barren dunes still felt alone
and the hungry gull still cried
his sorrow to the passing night.
Beside the empty cave I slept -
slept through the crying night
and felt the presence of my heart and I
in every whisper of the dreaming sea,
where my soul-treasure lay buried
still bleeding in the glistening sand.

And, on waking to the golden morning
I walked beneath the equinox sun
and offered my whitened body
on the dry altar of the dunes
and knew its warmth and felt the joy
of youth with the laughing gulls.

The pebbles I had piled there
were glowing jewels in the sand.

Then once - a final time for me -
I chanced again to find the shore
where the restless sea stood now so still
while across its glassy, mirrored surface
sailboats leaned against the freshening breeze
and moved in stately, gliding processional.

The gulls, once so quick and sure,
hung suspended upon the shore wind.
The sun, mellowing towards evening
touched the flatened dunes with shadow
and a coolness descended upon the shore
after the long warm summer season.

My sea-side cavern now was lost
amid the brush where I had slept content
beside its echoing stillness and I found
one valiant, struggling tree
rooted in the ever-shifting sand
where I had buried the bleeding treasure of my soul.

The pebbles I had left there
were broken scattered remnants in the sand.

J. WARREN MAYES

lonely
as I walk down
the streets of progression and future -
across the bridges
of no turning back
down the side streets of side-dreams
and
up the main way
paved with
faces
and feeling big thoughts and
stepping off curbs
as if
they were cliffs, or part of my life left there
and walking;
on
down
avenues of inside, out.
seeing redhot signs at black time - but not as signs,
but my own blood, bright and multicolored
shining down upon -
me
with windswept
and fog-damp frame
walking
trying
to find -- something
You! all of you walking
against me
down crowded boulevards of different places.
what do you feel about me -
what about you I think.
is your purpose with mine.
are you too walking
searching
for that indescribable conglomeration
that seems a little farther and higher
than you can reach
and,
when all time seems right
and
when hand has
almost touched
it
crumbles just beyond fingertips
as soul crumbles within
and
emptiness invades.

SHEILA ANGELO

CRYSTAL-BLUE HOUR
AS THE SUN RETIRES GRACEFULLY
INTO THE BURNING-HILLS.

THE CLOUDS
BLOOD-STAINED PETALS
STREW BEHIND THE RELUCTANT SUN.

DARKENING SHADOWS
RUN INTO GROWING POOLS
ACROSS THE SILVER SAND.

FLOURESCENT SURF
ROLLING MULTICOLORED PEARLS
ALONG THE SHORE
WITH ITS SEA HAND.

JWM

AOS

AFTERNOON

Could an interesting story be found in those old and dusty porticoes, and in the woman who was like the rayed sun? Does she live at the top of the lengthy steps beyond the encircled columns and the lanterns suspended in their squares? Are her rayed arms, golden and flaming, aged with the time that is no time, shining with the light that is endlessness, encircling me with the warmth of the sun and of the afternoon, are they about me yet?

In the block of old flats, dulled and dirty with the ochre of years, it was the corner one which first attracted me. The way in which it's side-stepped down the hill, it's attic story fronted the deeps of afternoon light and of wind, and its columned and circled portico had cut upon it the right angles of sun. But the others, toward the center of the block, were certainly as high, as castellated upon their tops---one ruined chimney was a tower begotten by geometry upon the secrecies of Gothic plant life, its shattered wooden base thick with convolutions of flaking paint and squared and rusty nails---and they were, if it were possible, darker, the dirt more settled in their crevices, (unlike the corners, unswept by sea winds gone short over land but rather touched only by the dying hands of dust) the columned caverns of the entrances were deeper, the glasses of the doors were more fleetingly mirrored (the face of the entrant shot queerly back) and the great lanterns which swing, quietly, in wayward winds, suspended from paneled and squared centers in the circled porches tiled with heaven and earth, they were there too, in those darker flats toward the center of the block, they were there if they were not shattered, as well as at the flats at the corners of steep streets.

Between the worlds of the houses, crushed betwixt their shuddering walls laced with pipes and fire escapes and dangling shadows of unused bells and draining stains of forgotten plumbing, were, beyond iron gates of thin carved metal, tiny travelling passages, burrowing cement stairs and at the end half hidden amid the overhangs and juttings, the bays and posts, lay stripes of sun, triangles of bright white light.

And I entered at No. 1151, I climbed the marble stairs (I had selected carefully the building for its hulk, its crepuscule darkness, its potentiality of depth within depth and of every shade of shadow and of night in day) cracked and broken in their graceful curve, I trod the tiny alternating tiles of heaven and earth and saw the serene rectangles of the panels of the walls cast over with, made utterly of the scale, the flake, and the sandy dirt of time---and I saw the ceiling of the porch, the great half circle with its each-sided columns, divided so serenely into its rectangles, each fitted so graciously into the grand curve of the whole which was the base of the towering bay of windows looking out upon equal facades across the street, of windows giving to the inlooker patches of cloud and sky and wires and flashes of onrushing daylight into night---and I walked beneath the lantern which sprung from the focus of this great

(continued on next page)

WITHDRAWN...
THE FURTIVE GESTURE
THE SOFT VOICE
THE DOWN-CAST EYE OF SORROW.
NO SMILES THERE
BUT TEARS
HIDE IN THE DARK POOLS
OF HER EYES.
AFRAID TO LAUGH
TO SHATTER
PEACEFUL STILLNESS.

NO BOISTEROUS GAMES
NO SHRILL CHILD JOY
QUIET HOURS..
STILL DISCOVERY
FONDLING THOUGHTS AND DREAMS
LIKE FRAGILE TOYS.

JWM

convolution of curves, the whole of the flats' front subsiding, subtending and founded upon that simple point whence from a welter of green brass acanthus fell a black chain suspending a Venetian lantern from a galleon's stern: square, diamond-shaped, cut all over with flowers, bound in black metal of cast and twisted design, and pointed at the bottom and there ended with a rosette and a ring; and I turned the knob of the leftmost of the three enrowed doors and went in, face faced by the flight of dark-unending stairs.

The wind followed me and went before as I began to climb up long halls and stairs that bent and rose and sometimes dropped to tiny landings, square platforms where only one could stand, where the mirror imaged ceilings above bore appended in old plaster a downturned edifice of rectangles and leaves and curved grooves of white, dusty, yellowed plaster which no longer saw itself in the blackened boards of the landing over which it hung and was seen only by the eyes of the landing standing lantern hanger: who looked out often through the windows, round, oval or square, broken or dirty with their ornaments of leafy glass, which gave out upon vistas of the city (vast views of forlorn houses, quivering with the passion of an afternoon upon their sides) or alleyways which crawled between the flats down which white light shot etching the grooves, delicate with the flake of paint, the crackle of it in its age, the ripple and drip of its ancient clumsy application and the holes of dead nails.

Up stairs which turned right and up stairs which turned left I trod their radial treads, I walked in order upon their rays which were tangled in the corners of the panelled walls and buried in the dark of halls and landings. I went beneath the broken bulbs, I walked beside the bent brackets from which twisted wires fell. I passed down the silent halls, beyond the empty rooms whose white plaster slowly dropped, grain by grain, quietly upon the floors (and if a little bird were to come to that beach of the sea once only in a year, and were to carry from the beach a grain of sand then when that beach were all cleared and in like manner all the other coasts of the world then a day would have gone by in eternity) and I climbed further steps and I held upon the bannisters of those flights and I came at last unto the final door, the darkest, and most overwrought what with its carving and its scaling and its chasms and its pinnacles and I opened it and passed thereunto its room with the great round window opening out upon the sky and I was encircled and embraced by the enrayed arms, by the golden sun in its antique majesty, by the dim down going redness darkening and darkening to its core, by the entwinement of the passage of time which will not cease until it has been used up in the loving of the woman of the sun which I love.

-FM

THERE ARE TWO WAYS OF DISLIKING ART. ONE IS TO DISLIKE IT. THE OTHER IS TO LIKE IT RATIONALLY.

OSCAR WILDE

TOWER

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T O W E R is mimeographed monthly by students at the California School of Fine Arts, 800 Chestnut Street, San Francisco 11, California.

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EXCITEMENT GALORE IN OLD HAVANA MIAMI OVERSEAS AIRLINES

FOLK SINGING FRIDAY EVENINGS
CSFA BAND SUNDAY EVENINGS
THE BEER KEG

SEE RUSSIA AND BE SURE!!
... OF SOVIET DIPLOMACY

IT'S A GASSER IN SOUTH AMERICA
USS PRESIDENT LINES

THE BRIGHTON EXPRESS
580 PACIFIC AVENUE
DINNERS
WINES
COFFEES

JET YOUR WAY TO UGUISUDANI

THE OLD SPAGHETTI FACTORY
CAFE
GREEN & GRANT

GREEN eirie IRISH COPS dirty mick IN LIKE FLYNN potatoes PRIESTS maureen o'hara BLARNEY STONE irish wake IRISH WHISKEY new york AL SMITH EASTSIDE WESTSIDE bostom chelsea CAPTAIN O'SHEY kitty o'shey CARDINAL KUSHING mayor curley BLACK IRISH shanty irish LACE CURTAIN IRISH notredame PEAT BOGS the roses of tralee PONY CARTS low doors CLAY PIPES county cork GALWAY BAY emerald isle LITTLE BIT O' HEAVEN cobble stones DAMP EARTH black protestants IRA easter sunday 1916 BLACK AND TAN bublin IRISH FREE STATE james joyce FINNEGAN'S WAKE hoggan's goat PAT N' MIKE luck o' the irish HARPS my girl's an irish girl, IRISH STEW, neutral, REBELLION catholic IRISH TENORS parnell GILBERT AND SULLIVAN irish humor SWEEPSTAKES, linen, tweed, ORANGE AND BLACK, Captain Boycott, SEIN FEIN , 1858, PADDIES, 1856, IRISH PUB, corn beef n' cabbage WILL O' THE WISP oscar wilde IRISH EYES old sod JEWISH MAYOR abbies irish rose CROSS BACK goblins COCKELS sean o'casey YEATS chauncy olcott MOTHER MACHREE BING CROSBY berry fitzgerald PADDY's PIG shillelagh IRISH SETTER molly mc guire GAELIC hibernia MOLLY MALONE guiness CLANCY THE COP hell's kitchen HARRIGAN mrs. Murphy's chowder DEAR OLD DONNEGAL home rule BROGUE shamrock MUDDY RIVERS colleen WEE PEOPLE leprechauns CLOD rosie o'grady TOP O' THE MORNING mc namarra's band WEARIN' O' THE GREEN snakes ST PATRICK march 17th